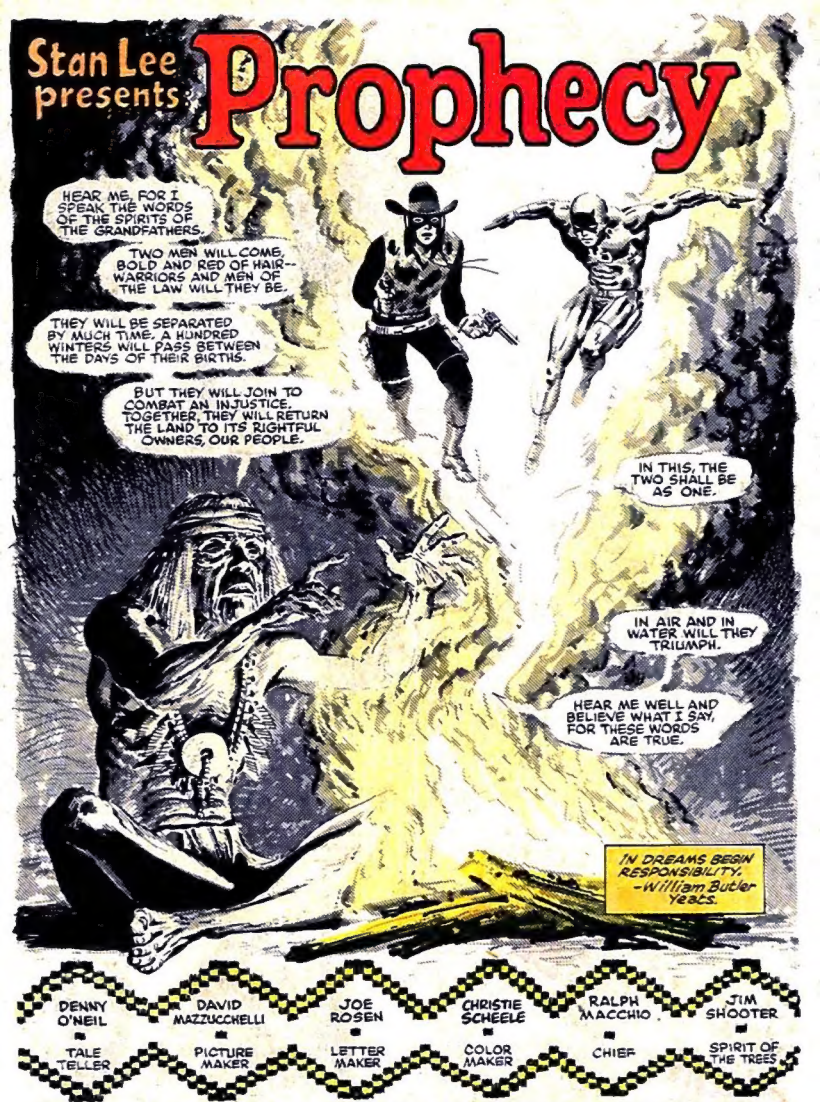
MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
TWO MEN--
ONE DEAD..
ONE LIVING...
60¢
U.K. 30p
CAN. 75¢
215
FEB
...IN THE STRANGEST
ADVENTURE OF ALL!



DENNY O'NEIL — TALE TELLER
DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI — PICTURE MAKER
JOE ROSEN — LETTER MAKER
CHRISTIE SCHEELE — COLOR MAKER
RALPH MACCHIO — CHIEF
JIM SHOOTER — SPIRIT OF THE TREES

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UNTIL NOW, THIS ARIZONA AFTERNOON HAS BEEN PEACEFUL, BUT--
GUNPLAY! I'M DUE IN TOMBSTONE IN AN HOUR--
-- BUT I RECKON MATT HAWK'S BUSINESS WILL WAIT WHILE THE TWO-GUN KID TAKES A LOOK-SEE.
SCRATCH DIRT, THUNDER!
--AND LESS THAN A MINUTE LATER...
THERE'S THE TROUBLE--
WITH A SURGE OF HIS MIGHTY SINEWS, THE SUPERBLY TRAINED ANIMAL RESPONDS--
-- A BUNCH OF RANCH HANDS THROWING DOWN ON A COUPLE OF APACHES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S ABOUT, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE ODDS.
I WON'T HIT 'EM AT THIS RANGE... BUT THE SOUND OF MY COLTS'LL LET 'EM KNOW I'M COMING.
BLAM
BLAM
THEN--
THE BUSHWHACKERS SKEDADDLED. MAYBE THEY DON'T COTTON TO SHOOTIN' AT SOMEONE WHO SHOOTS BACK!
YOU HURT, SON?
NO, BUT MY BROTHER IS...

I'LL HELP YOU BURY HIM.
WHY'D THOSE HOMBRES ATTACK YOU?
MY BROTHER SAID THEY WANT THE MAP.
MAP?
HERE. MY BROTHER SAID HE WOULD USE THE WHITE EYES' MAP FOR HIS OWN PURPOSE.
INK ON BUCKSKIN. LOOKS LIKE A PROSPECTOR MIGHTA DRAWN IT UP.
IT SHOWS THE HIDING PLACE OF THE BLUECOAT.
SOLDIER?
YES, SOLDIER. A BLUECOAT WAS BRINGING A PAPER TO THE WHITE EYES' LEADER--
THE GOVERNOR?
YES, HIM. IT IS FROM THE GREAT CHIEF --
THE PRESIDENT? PRESIDENT ARTHUR?
--THE GREAT CHIEF ARTHUR. ON THIS PAPER WERE WORDS SAYING THAT THE LAND OF MY PEOPLE WAS TO BE OURS FOREVER. BUT THE BLUECOAT FELL ILL AND HID THE PAPER.
ON THE MAP IS THE PLACE WHERE THE PAPER IS HIDDEN. THIS THE BLUECOAT TOLD MY BROTHER JUST BEFORE HE DIED.
YOUR BROTHER WAS THE ONE WHO FOUND 'IM, THEN.
MOUNT UP. WE'LL FIND THIS GREAT CHIEF'S PAPER AND I'LL GET IT INTO THE GOVERNOR'S HANDS PERSONALLY!
THEN YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE CAN COME BACK AND DO THE DANCE OF THE DEAD FOR YOUR BROTHER.

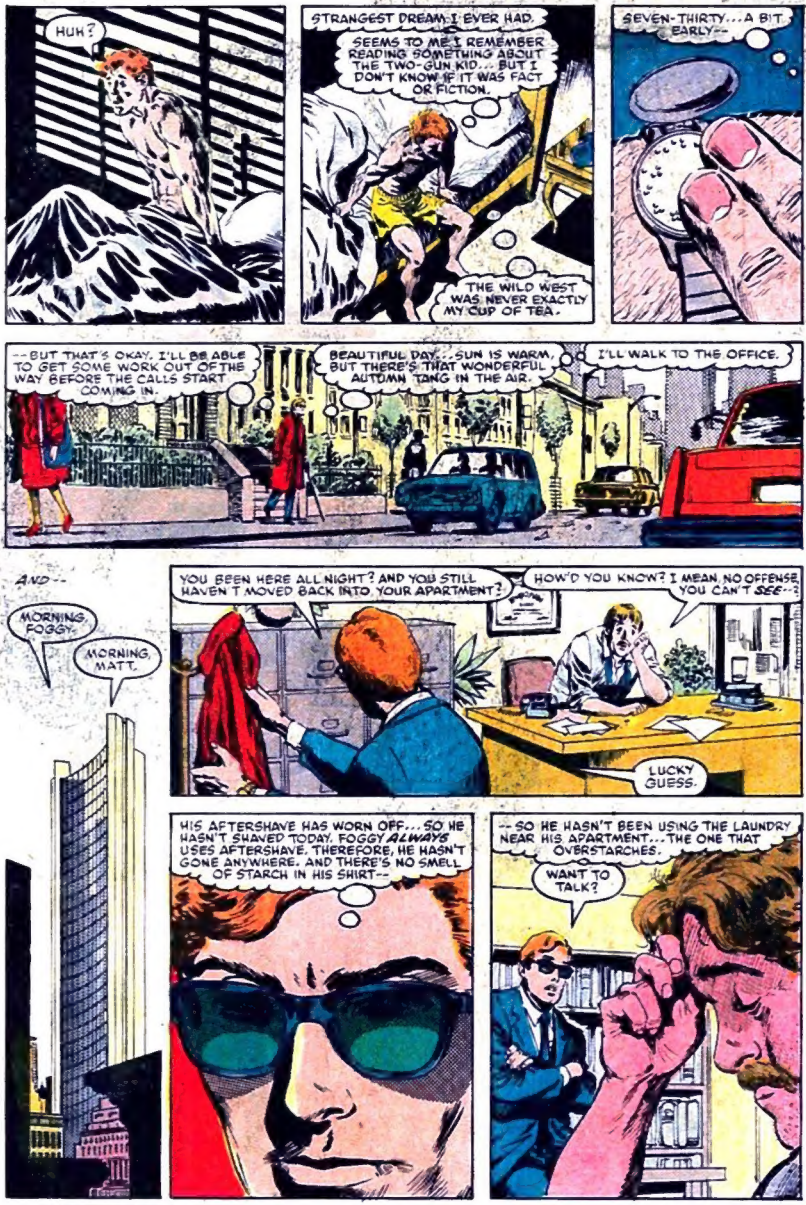
NEAR TOWN--
REIN UP THAR, KID.
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SHERIFF?
'FRAID I GOTTA TAKE THE YOUNG'UN INTO JAIL.
ON WHAT CHARGE?
RANCE KEENO SAYS HE WAS BUSHWHACKED BY THIS BOY AND 'NOTHER APACHE.
I WAS THERE...AND IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND.
I DON'T DOUBT YOU, KID. 'CAUSE WE BOTH KNOW KEENO'S LOWER'N A SNAKE'S BELLY. BUT I GOTTA DO MUH JOB.
LISTEN, SON. YOU GO WITH THE SHERIFF-- BUT DON'T WORRY. YOU WON'T SPEND MORE'N A DAY OR TWO BEHIND BARS. THAT'S A PROMISE.
LATER, IN A TOMBSTONE LIVERY STABLE...
THIS IS WHERE THE TWO-GUN KID DROPS OUT OF SIGHT-- AND THE LAWYER MATTHEW HAWK MAKES HIS APPEARANCE.
MY COLTS WON'T DO A THING FOR THAT YOUNGSTER--
--BUT WHAT'S IN MY LAW BOOKS WILL!
BETTER DO IT IN A HURRY, TOO. IF THE APACHE NATION LEARNS THAT ONE OF THEIR OWN IS IN A WHITE MAN'S LOCKUP...IT COULD MEAN WAR!
AND, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
...THEM MURDERIN' REDSKINS WAS A'SHOOTIN' THEY ARROWS AT US FER NO REASON!

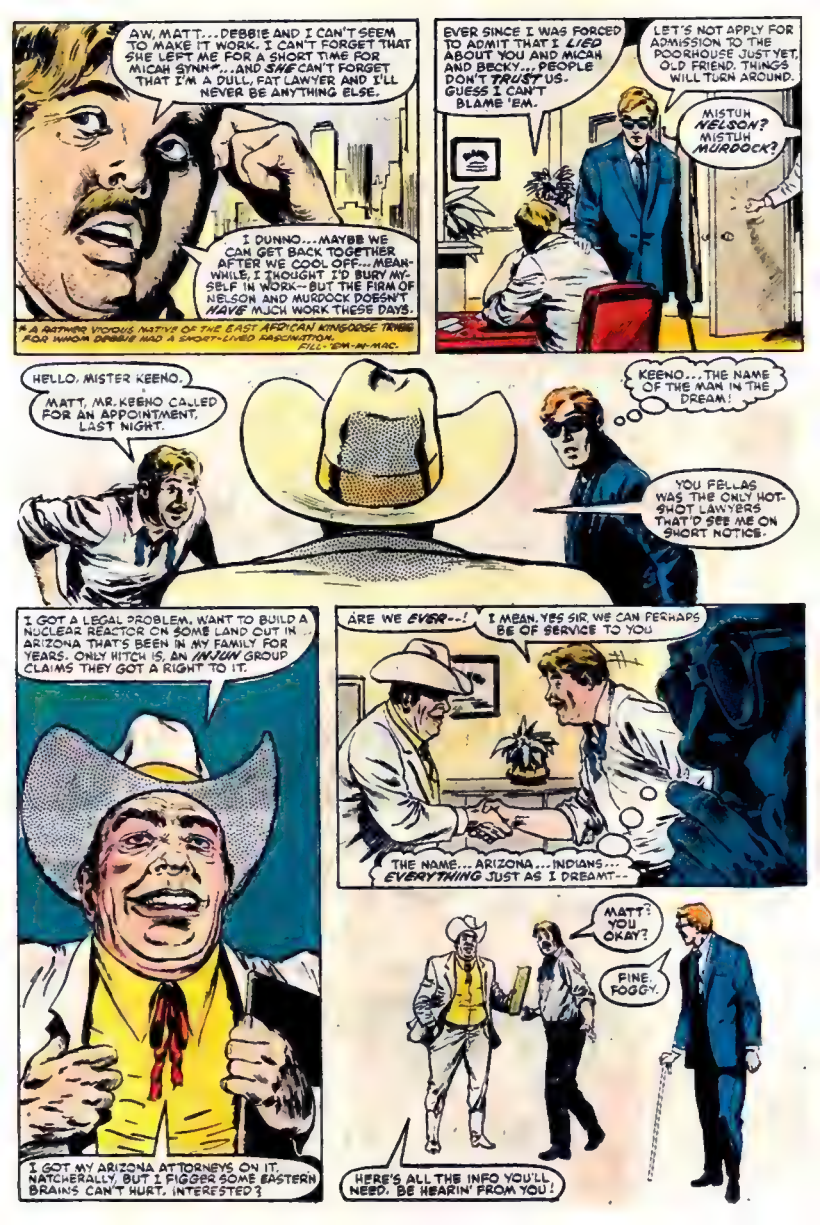
BUT, MR. KEENO... A MOMENT AGO YOU TESTIFIED THAT THE APACHES ATTACKED YOU WITH *RIFLES*. WHICH WAS IT, MR. KEENO -- RIFLES OR ARROWS?
I... I DON'T RIGHTLY REMEMBER.
YOU CAN'T REMEMBER WHETHER IT WAS GUNFIRE OR BOWSHOTS THAT--
ENOUGH, MR. HAWK.
THAT'S THE *FOURTH* INCONSISTENCY YOU'VE CAUGHT HIM IN WITHIN THE PAST TEN MINUTES. OBVIOUSLY, THE MAN IS LYING.
CASE DISMISSED.
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR.
SOME DAY, THE TRIAL PROCEDURE WILL BE A WHOLE LOT MORE COMPLICATED. A JUDGE WON'T BE ABLE TO DISMISS A CASE SO EASILY.
NOW WHY'D I THINK THAT?
LATER...
ACCORDING TO THE MAP, PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S DOCUMENT SHOULD BE IN THAT CAVE.
IN A FEW MINUTES, THE MATTER'LL BE SETTLED.
BUT...
...MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, SON. WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THIS PLACE -- AND THERE'S *NOTHING*!

MAYBE YOUR BROTHER GOT THE WRONG--
SHHHH...I HEAR SOMEONE MOVING OUTSIDE...
BUHH-WHRAMP
YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES. WHAT HAPPENED?
SOME SKUNK TOSSED A STICK OF DYNAMITE...
...CAUSED A CAVE-IN!
WE TRAPPED!
MAYBE NOT. NOTICE HOW THE FLAME IS WAVERING! COULD MEAN...
...YEAH. ANOTHER OPENING. MIGHT BE A WAY OUT.
HOLD MY TORCH.
WHAT YOU DO?
LEAVIN' A MESSAGE...ONLY PROBLEM IS, I CAN'T SAY WHO'S SUPPOSED TO READ IT.
I JUST GOT A FEELING...LIKE A VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD TELLING ME TO DO IT.

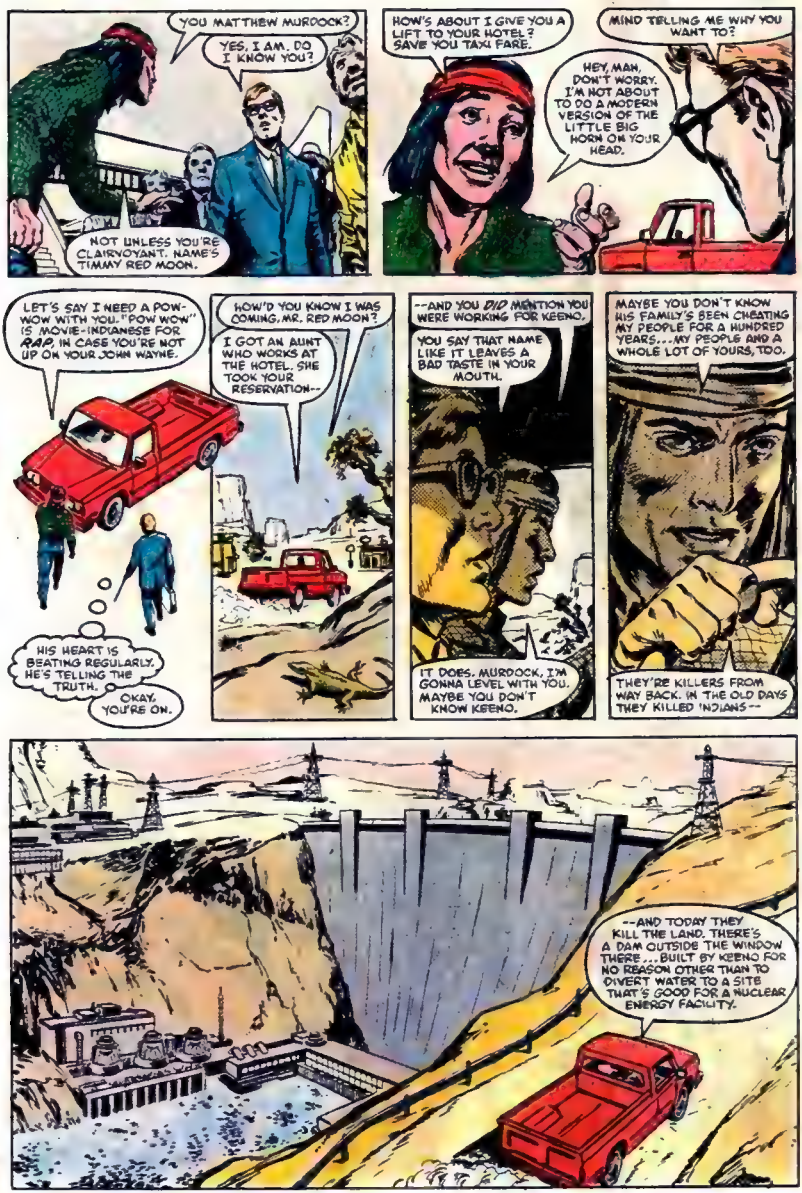
COME ON, YOUNGSTER. I GOT A HANKERING TO SEE SOME SKY.
OUTSIDE...
HOW LONG WE A'GONNER WAIT, RANCE?
TILL WE'RE SURE THEM TWO DON'T DIG OUT, IS HOW LONG. AN' IFN THEY DO--
--WE A'GONNER GUN 'EM. 'CAUSE I DON'T AIM TO LET THEM REDSKINS HAVE THAT GRAZIN' LAND THAT OUGHTTA B'LONG TO WHITE MEN!
LUCKY I HEERD 'BOUT THAT SOLDIER-BOY AN' HIS DURN PAPER FROM A FRIEND OF MINE AT THE FORT...
I'M SURPRISED A POLECAT LIKE YOU HAS ANY FRIENDS.
THE MASKED MAN! HOW IN TARNATION DID YOU GIT OUT?
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.
YOU'RE ITCHING TO MAKE A PLAY.
DO IT.
BLAM
ZING
BLAM
FWHING

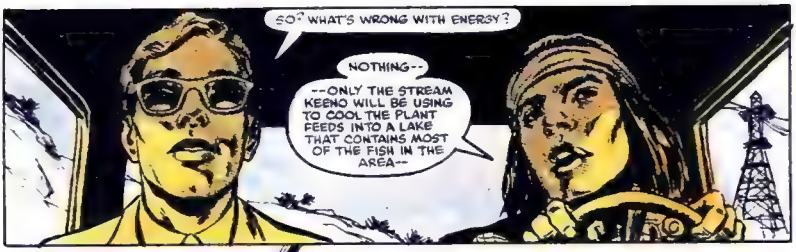
THAT WAS A WARNING -- AND YOU WON'T GET A SECOND ONE! NEXT TIME I AIM FOR MORE THAN YOUR HARDWARE.
I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, KEENO. YOU RIDE OUTTA THE TERRITORY AND YOU KEEP RIDING!
I AIN'T A'GONNER ARGUE WITH A HOMBRE THAT DRAWS FASTER'N I CAN SEE --
-- BUT I AIN'T SO SCAIRT I WON'T SAY YER A TRAITOR!
TRAITOR TO WHITE FOLKS!
SIDIN' WITH THE REDSKINS.
THEN, AT A NEARBY CAMP SITE...
MY FATHER THANKS YOU FOR HELPING ME.
TELL HIM I'M SORRY WE NEVER FOUND THE GREAT CHIEF'S PAPER...
IT WILL BE FOUND.
BEG YOUR PARDON!
IN AIR AND IN WATER WILL THEY TRIUMPH...
TWO MEN WILL COME, BOLD AND RED OF HAIR -- WARRIORS AND MEN OF THE LAW WILL THEY BE. THEY WILL JOIN TO COMBAT AN INJUSTICE. TOGETHER THEY WILL RETURN THE LAND TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS, OUR PEOPLE.

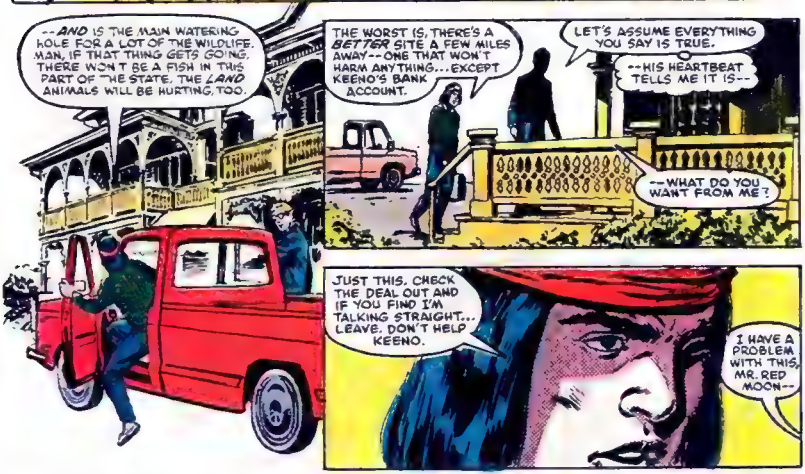

HUH?
STRANGEST DREAM I EVER HAD.
SEEMS TO ME I REMEMBER READING SOMETHING ABOUT THE TWO-GUN KID... BUT I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS FACT OR FICTION.
THE WILD WEST WAS NEVER EXACTLY MY CUP OF TEA.
SEVEN-THIRTY... A BIT EARLY--
--BUT THAT'S OKAY. I'LL BE ABLE TO GET SOME WORK OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE THE CALLS START COMING IN.
BEAUTIFUL DAY... SUN IS WARM, BUT THERE'S THAT WONDERFUL AUTUMN TANG IN THE AIR.
I'LL WALK TO THE OFFICE.
AND--
MORNING, FOGGY.
MORNING, MATT.
YOU BEEN HERE ALL NIGHT? AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T MOVED BACK INTO YOUR APARTMENT?
HOW'D YOU KNOW? I MEAN, NO OFFENSE, YOU CAN'T SEE--?
LUCKY GUESS.
HIS AFTERSHAVE HAS WORN OFF... SO HE HASN'T SHAVED TODAY. FOGGY ALWAYS USES AFTERSHAVE. THEREFORE, HE HASN'T GONE ANYWHERE. AND THERE'S NO SMELL OF STARCH IN HIS SHIRT--
--SO HE HASN'T BEEN USING THE LAUNDRY NEAR HIS APARTMENT... THE ONE THAT OVERSTARCHES.
WANT TO TALK?

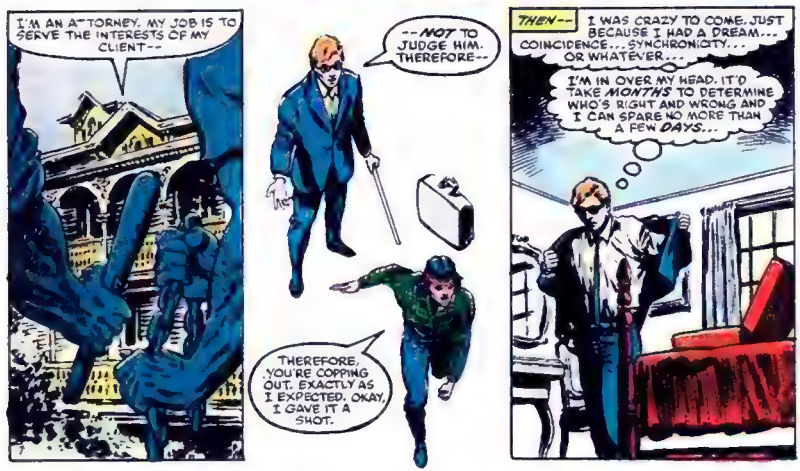

AW, MATT... DEBBIE AND I CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE IT WORK. I CAN'T FORGET THAT SHE LEFT ME FOR A SHORT TIME FOR MICAH SYNN*... AND SHE CAN'T FORGET THAT I'M A DULL, FAT LAWYER AND I'LL NEVER BE ANYTHING ELSE.
I DUNNO... MAYBE WE CAN GET BACK TOGETHER AFTER WE COOL OFF... MEANWHILE, I THOUGHT I'D BURY MYSELF IN WORK--BUT THE FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK DOESN'T HAVE MUCH WORK THESE DAYS.
*A RATHER VICIOUS NATIVE OF THE EAST AFRICAN KINGDOSE TRIBE FOR WHOM DEBBIE HAD A SHORT-LIVED FASCINATION. FILL-IN-M-MAC.
EVER SINCE I WAS FORCED TO ADMIT THAT I LIED ABOUT YOU AND MICAH AND BECKY... PEOPLE DON'T TRUST US. GUESS I CAN'T BLAME 'EM.
LET'S NOT APPLY FOR ADMISSION TO THE POORHOUSE JUST YET, OLD FRIEND. THINGS WILL TURN AROUND.
MISTUH NELSOM? MISTUH MURDOCK?
HELLO, MISTER KEENO.
MATT, MR. KEENO CALLED FOR AN APPOINTMENT, LAST NIGHT.
KEENO... THE NAME OF THE MAN IN THE DREAM!
YOU FELLAS WAS THE ONLY HOT-SHOT LAWYERS THAT'D SEE ME ON SHORT NOTICE.
I GOT A LEGAL PROBLEM, WANT TO BUILD A NUCLEAR REACTOR ON SOME LAND OUT IN ARIZONA THAT'S BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR YEARS. ONLY HITCH IS, AN INDIAN GROUP CLAIMS THEY GOT A RIGHT TO IT.
I GOT MY ARIZONA ATTORNEYS ON IT, NATCHERALLY, BUT I FIGGER SOME EASTERN BRAINS CAN'T HURT. INTERESTED?
ARE WE EVER--!
I MEAN, YES SIR, WE CAN PERHAPS BE OF SERVICE TO YOU
THE NAME... ARIZONA... INDIANS... EVERYTHING JUST AS I DREAMT--
MATT? YOU OKAY?
FINE, FOGGY.
HERE'S ALL THE INFO YOU'LL NEED. BE HEARIN' FROM YOU!

ADIOS
FOGGY... I'M GOING TO ARIZONA. I WANT TO CHECK THIS CASE OUT PERSONALLY!
BUT WHY? ALL WE NEED ARE THE REFERENCES IN THE LAW LIBRARY--
PLEASE... DON'T ARGUE. I FEEL STRONGLY ABOUT THIS.
AND A WISE TEACHER ONCE CONVINCED ME THAT I SHOULD NEVER, NEVER IGNORE STRONG FEELINGS.
CALL YOU FROM ARIZONA. I CAN'T SAY I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND... BUT I PROMISE I WILL KEEP MY EAR TO THE GROUND.
SOON...
OF COURSE, IT COULD BE ORDINARY COINCIDENCE--
--OR IT COULD BE MEANINGFUL COINCIDENCE... THE KIND THAT INDICATES THERE ARE FORCES WORKING WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND.
I THINK THE PSYCHOLOGISTS CALL IT SYNCHRONICITY.
WHATEVER IT'S CALLED, I CAN'T IGNORE IT.
THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN IS I GET A COUPLE OF DAYS VACATION IN A NICE CLIMATE. THE BEST IS...
...I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THE BEST IS!
HEY... YOU WITH THE CANE!


YOU MATTHEW MURDOCK?
YES, I AM. DO I KNOW YOU?
NOT UNLESS YOU'RE CLAIRVOYANT. NAME'S TIMMAY RED MOON.
HOW'S ABOUT I GIVE YOU A LIFT TO YOUR HOTEL? SAVE YOU TAXI FARE.
MIND TELLING ME WHY YOU WANT TO?
HEY, MAN. DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT ABOUT TO DO A MODERN VERSION OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN ON YOUR HEAD.
LET'S SAY I NEED A POW-WOW WITH YOU. "POW WOW" IS MOVIE-INDIANESE FOR RAP, IN CASE YOU'RE NOT UP ON YOUR JOHN WAYNE.
HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS COMING, MR. RED MOON?
I GOT AN AUNT WHO WORKS AT THE HOTEL. SHE TOOK YOUR RESERVATION--
HIS HEART IS BEATING REGULARLY. HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH.
OKAY. YOU'RE ON.
--AND YOU DID MENTION YOU WERE WORKING FOR KEENO.
YOU SAY THAT NAME LIKE IT LEAVES A BAD TASTE IN YOUR MOUTH.
IT DOES, MURDOCK. I'M GONNA LEVEL WITH YOU. MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW KEENO.
MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW HIS FAMILY'S BEEN CHEATING MY PEOPLE FOR A HUNDRED YEARS... MY PEOPLE AND A WHOLE LOT OF YOURS, TOO.
THEY'RE KILLERS FROM WAY BACK. IN THE OLD DAYS THEY KILLED INDIANS --
--AND TODAY THEY KILL THE LAND. THERE'S A DAM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW THERE... BUILT BY KEENO FOR NO REASON OTHER THAN TO DIVERT WATER TO A SITE THAT'S GOOD FOR A NUCLEAR ENERGY FACILITY.


SO? WHAT'S WRONG WITH ENERGY?
NOTHING--
--ONLY THE STREAM KEENO WILL BE USING TO COOL THE PLANT FEEDS INTO A LAKE THAT CONTAINS MOST OF THE FISH IN THE AREA--


--AND IS THE MAIN WATERING HOLE FOR A LOT OF THE WILDLIFE, MAN. IF THAT THING GETS GOING, THERE WON'T BE A FISH IN THIS PART OF THE STATE. THE LAND ANIMALS WILL BE HURTING, TOO.
THE WORST IS, THERE'S A BETTER SITE A FEW MILES AWAY--ONE THAT WON'T HARM ANYTHING...EXCEPT KEENO'S BANK ACCOUNT.
LET'S ASSUME EVERYTHING YOU SAY IS TRUE.
--HIS HEARTBEAT TELLS ME IT IS--
--WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
JUST THIS. CHECK THE DEAL OUT AND IF YOU FIND I'M TALKING STRAIGHT... LEAVE. DON'T HELP KEENO.
I HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THIS, MR. RED MOON--


I'M AN ATTORNEY. MY JOB IS TO SERVE THE INTERESTS OF MY CLIENT--
--NOT TO JUDGE HIM. THEREFORE--
THEREFORE, YOU'RE COPPING OUT. EXACTLY AS I EXPECTED. OKAY, I GAVE IT A SHOT.
THEN--
I WAS CRAZY TO COME. JUST BECAUSE I HAD A DREAM... COINCIDENCE...SYNCHRONICITY... OR WHATEVER...
I'M IN OVER MY HEAD. IT'D TAKE MONTHS TO DETERMINE WHO'S RIGHT AND WRONG AND I CAN SPARE NO MORE THAN A FEW DAYS...

ANOTHER DUMB MOVE... PUTTING ON THE DAREDEVIL COSTUME. I NEED THIS LIKE I NEED A TOOTHACHE AND I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY I THOUGHT OTHERWISE--
EH--?
NOISES OUTSIDE.
RATTLE OF CHAINS/ SCRAPE OF BOOT SOLES/ GRUNTS/ SMELL OF SWEAT--
HOTEL
--A MUGGING.
ALREADY, HE IS WEARING THE ENVIRONMENT AS OTHER MEN WEAR GARMENTS. USING THE FACULTY HE CALLS HIS RADAR --STIMULATED AS THE RESULT OF A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT THAT LEFT HIM BLIND-- HE PERCEIVES THE PRECISE LOCATION OF WHAT HE REQUIRES...
...AND THIS IN COMBINATION WITH HIS OTHER, INCREDIBLY KEEN SENSES AND AN ALMOST TOTALLY DEVELOPED PHYSIQUE ENABLE HIM TO--
WHOOPF
YOU CAN PUT THAT DOWN AND WALK AWAY.

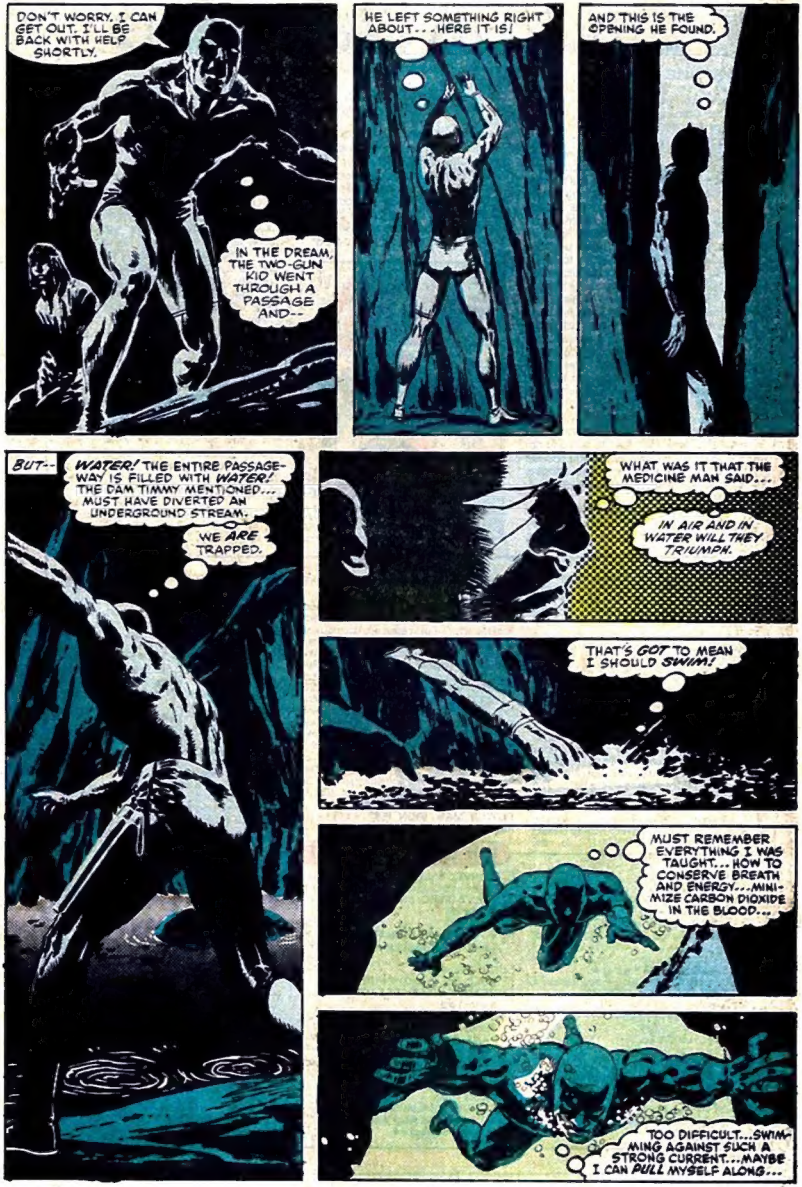
t-SHANNCK
GNFF
YOU OKAY?
FEEL LIKE THOSE DUDES BEEN DOIN' A WAR DANCE ON MY BONES... BUT YEH, I'LL LIVE.
WHY D'D THEY ATTACK YOU?
'CAUSE KEENO TOLD 'EM TO, PROBABLY. I BEEN CONTESTING HIS LAND CLAIM.
THAT TRUE?
NAW... WE JUST DON'T LIKE REDSKINS
HEARTBEAT IRREGULAR/SUB VOCAL TREMORS INCREASED PERSPIRATION
YOU LIE!
THAT CLINCHES IT! NUTS TO MY RESPONSIBILITIES AS A LAWYER... MY CLIENT IS A RAT AND I AM ABOUT TO PLAY RAT CATCHER.
I FEEL LIKE SOME DUMMY FROM A TV SHOW ASKING "HIS BUT... WHO ARE YOU, MASKED MAN?
THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT.
DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE AN OLD MAP?
HOW'D YOU KNOW?

GOT IT RIGHT HERE... BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS. IT'S SUPPOSED TO SHOW THE LOCATION OF A LAND GRANT BUT--
IT DOESN'T, OR AT LEAST IT DIDN'T WHEN YOUR GRANDFATHER FIRST HAD IT.
MISTER, YOU ARE SCARY!
THE MURDERED BRAVE SAID HE'D USE THIS MAP FOR HIS OWN PURPOSE...
OF COURSE!
IT DOES SHOW WHERE THE GRANT IS--IF YOU READ IT RIGHT.
DO YOU HAVE TRANSPORTATION?
MY PICKUP'S OUT FRONT.
NEARBY...
THAT GADGET WORKIN'?
YES SIR, MR. KEENO. IT'LL SHOW US EXACTLY WHERE TIMMY RED MOON IS AS LONG AS THE BUG WE PUT ON HIS TRUCK KEEPS SENDING.
GOOD. MAYBE TIME WE GOT RID OF THAT PEST... PERMANENT-LIKE.

THEN, SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE TOWN...
BUT THE MAP CLEARLY SHOWS THOSE CAVES--
THE INK ON THE MAP DOES. BUT THERE ARE OTHER LINES--
--SCRATCHED INTO THE LEATHER... WITH THE POINT OF A KNIFE, I GUESS. THEY'RE PROBABLY NOT VISIBLE TO THE EYE--
BUT TO MY FINGERS THEY'RE AS PLAIN AS CANYONS.
OF COURSE, A SIGHTED MAN WOULDN'T THINK TO USE HIS FINGERS.
MY ANCESTOR WAS PROBABLY AFRAID SOMEONE WOULD STEAL THE MAP.
COULD BE.
THE LINES INDICATE WE SHOULD COME DOWN HERE--
--AND LOOK UNDER SOMETHING SHAPED LIKE AN ARROWHEAD.
THIS ROCK'S THE ONLY THING I CAN SEE THAT FITS THAT DESCRIPTION.
IT'D BE A MIRACLE IF ANYTHING WAS STILL HERE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS.
THIS JUST MIGHT BE A DAY FOR MIRACLES.
HEY... THERE IS SOMETHING. AN OLD CASE OF SOME SORT.
SOME KIND OF PAPER... LOOKS TO BE IN PRETTY BAD SHAPE...
...BUT I CAN MAKE IT OUT! MISTER, WE'VE DONE IT! THIS IS A DEED SIGNED BY CHESTER A. ARTHUR--PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

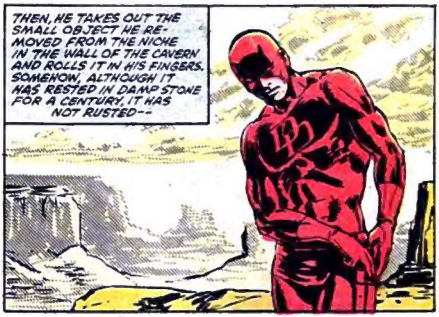
QUIET.
KHLIK
K-CHOK K-CHOK
K-CHOK K-CHOK
THERE ARE AT LEAST THREE OF THEM--
HOW CAN YOU TELL?
--AND THEY'RE BETWEEN US AND THE TRUCK.
BUT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO REACH THE CAVE OKAY.
AND--
WHUT NOW, BOSS?
FIRST OFF, WE GONNA MAKE SURE THEY AIN'T GONNA DRIVE NOPLACE.
BWAM

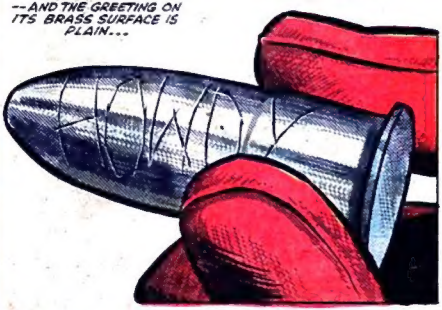
BOSS... LOOK--
--THEY'S SNEAKIN' INTO THE CAVE.
THAT'S JES' FINE, 'CAUSE THAT TRAPS 'EM.
WE GIVE 'EM A TASTE OF THIS!
BWHAM!
THEY...THEY MUST'VE BLOCKED THE ENTRANCE. IT'S SO DARK... I CAN'T SEE A THING!
ME EITHER.
I COULD HAVE NAILED THE GUNMEN OUTSIDE...BUT TIMMY MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT A STRAY SLUG IN THE PROCESS.

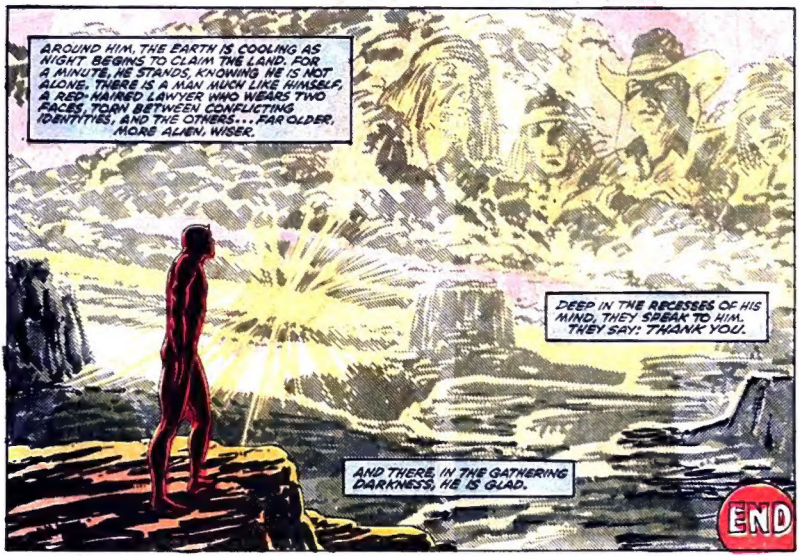

DON'T WORRY. I CAN GET OUT. I'LL BE BACK WITH HELP SHORTLY.
IN THE DREAM, THE TWO-GUN KID WENT THROUGH A PASSAGE AND--
HE LEFT SOMETHING RIGHT ABOUT...HERE IT IS!
AND THIS IS THE OPENING HE FOUND.
BUT--
WATER! THE ENTIRE PASSAGEWAY IS FILLED WITH WATER! THE DAM TIMMY MENTIONED... MUST HAVE DIVERTED AN UNDERGROUND STREAM.
WE ARE TRAPPED.
WHAT WAS IT THAT THE MEDICINE MAN SAID...
IN AIR AND IN WATER WILL THEY TRIUMPH.
THAT'S GOT TO MEAN I SHOULD SWIM!
MUST REMEMBER EVERYTHING I WAS TAUGHT... HOW TO CONSERVE BREATH AND ENERGY... MINIMIZE CARBON DIOXIDE IN THE BLOOD...
TOO DIFFICULT...SWIMMING AGAINST SUCH A STRONG CURRENT...MAYBE I CAN PULL MYSELF ALONG...

HEAD POUNDING... LUNGS BURNING...
HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN UNDER? TWO MINUTES? THREE?
HOW MUCH FARTHER CAN IT BE?
BEGINNING TO BLANK OUT...
REMEMBER THE TRAINING... REMEMBER IT! RELAX...
SOOW--
RECKON WE WAITED LONG ENOUGH, BOSS?
RECKON SO. THEY AIN'T NO SIGN OF 'EM. WE MIGHT'S WELL GIT ON BACK TO OUR FRIENDS IN TOWN--
I'M SURPRISED A SKUNK LIKE YOU HAS ANY FRIENDS.
THE MASKED MAN! HOW IN TARNATION DID YOU GIT OUT?
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW.
YOU'RE ITCHING TO MAKE A PLAY. DO IT.

ASK YOURSELF THIS: IS KEENO WORTH GETTING YOUR HEAD BROKEN FOR?
N-NO...
RECKON NOT.
A MOMENT LATER, HE HEARS THE SCRAPE OF THEIR BOOTS ON THE PATH, THEIR RAGGED BREATHING AS THEY SCURRY AWAY.


THEN, HE TAKES OUT THE SMALL OBJECT HE REMOVED FROM THE NICHE IN THE WALL OF THE CAVERN AND ROLLS IT IN HIS FINGERS. SOMEHOW, ALTHOUGH IT HAS RESTED IN DAMP STONE FOR A CENTURY, IT HAS NOT RUSTED--


--AND THE GREETING ON ITS BRASS SURFACE IS PLAIN...


AROUND HIM, THE EARTH IS COOLING AS NIGHT BEGINS TO CLAIM THE LAND. FOR A MINUTE, HE STANDS, KNOWING HE IS NOT ALONE. THERE IS A MAN MUCH LIKE HIMSELF, A RED-HAIRED LAWYER WHO WEARS TWO FACES, TORN BETWEEN CONFLICTING IDENTITIES, AND THE OTHERS... FAR OLDER, MORE ALIEN, WISER.
DEEP IN THE RECESSES OF HIS MIND, THEY SPEAK TO HIM. THEY SAY: THANK YOU.
AND THERE, IN THE GATHERING DARKNESS, HE IS GLAD.
END

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

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Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Dear Guys,

What can I say about DAREDEVIL #211? I could start with terrific, go on to stupendous, continue along to excellent, superb, mind boggling, etc., etc. . . .

I enjoyed "This Hungry God" more than any recent DAREDEVIL story. And I have been a long time DAREDEVIL fan.

Denny O'Neil did an excellent job of chronicling the allegiance of Daredevil and the Kingpin. By the end of the story, their joining forces seemed to be one of the most natural things in the world.

The rest of the creative team did an excellent job, as usual. And as always issue #211 of Daredevil was both an artistic and literary treat.

Mercy Drake
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Marvel,

I just read issue #211 of DAREDEVIL. Prior to picking up this issue, I hadn't read more than three issues of this comic. I was always under the false impression that DD battled the same old sappy villains. Boy, was I ever wrong!

The underlying political implications of the Micah Synn affair are being handled very well, lending to Micah's credibility as a villain. In this issue Daredevil even teamed up with his long time enemy, the Kingpin, to put an end to Micah's reign of terror. As long as the current creative team continues to handle DAREDEVIL, I'll be waiting at the stands for each and every new issue of DAREDEVIL.

Kenneth Ward
P.O. Box 343
Lewiston, ME 04240

Hey, Kenneth, it *really* isn't necessary for you to wait at the newsstand for every issue of DAREDEVIL. It is ever so simple to write in and subscribe to any of your favorite Marvel titles. Then you can sit back and relax while your friendly neighborhood mailman delivers such action-packed books as DAREDEVIL, SPIDER-MAN, MARVEL SUPER HEROES SECRET WARS, etc., etc. . . .

Dear Daredevilers,

I just bought issue #211 of DAREDEVIL. Was it good? No! Was it great? No! Was it one of the most well-done stories of the century? YES!

Bill Climer
Lane, OH 43332

Bill, Denny's blushing from all this praise. And if you think that story was great you ain't seen nothing yet. In tandem with David Mazzucchelli, DAREDEVIL is going to be *the* book to watch in the months to come.

Dear Marvel,

Issue #211 of DAREDEVIL was fantastic! The art and storyline were of superior quality. My only complaint is that Micah Synn is becoming kind of boring. He doesn't present enough of a challenge to Daredevil. DD should be battling villains who wreak much more havoc. I hope Synn is gotten rid of soon.

Shane White
Norfolk, NY 13662

Shane, we doubt that DD would agree with you regarding Micah. He certainly has presented Daredevil with plenty of challenges over the past few months. Micah has not only caused problems for DD but he has been causing trouble for Matt Murdock as well.

And now for an opposing viewpoint regarding the dastardly Mr. Micah Synn . . .

Dear Sirs,

Micah Synn is a sneaky, slimy scoundrel. And, as illustrated in issue #211, certainly one of the most dangerous villains Daredevil has ever faced. It seems as if every time DD is about to take care of Micah something goes wrong and Micah gets off without a scratch. I'm sure Micah will be causing innumerable problems for DD in the future. Keep up the good work.

Mark Phillips
Scotch Plains, NJ 07076

Well, Mark, as you no doubt know by now, the nefarious Mr. Synn was defeated rather soundly at the conclusion of our last issue. Does this mean that we've seen the last of our homocidal African chieftain? In light of Micah's past record, we sure ain't taking any bets.

Dear DD-ists,

Denny's scripting of DAREDEVIL #211 was unbelievably great. It had a fast pace, surprising plot twists and super suspense. I agree with all the other readers who say that Denny "lets the pictures do the talking."

As far as the artwork goes — wow! David Mazzucchelli sets all the action the way it really should be done. The quality of his art is neither over-produced nor sketchy. And it is certainly helped by the fine inking of Danny Bulanadi.

I am waiting with baited breath for the climax of the Micah Synn saga. DD joining the Kingpin? They've made a few deals in the past, but never actually joined forces.

Paulo Ilarde
Walnut Creek, CA

Baited breath? You really shouldn't keep worms in your mouth, Paulo, you don't know where they've been!

As far as the union of Daredevil and the Kingpin, we're sure you know that DD would never sacrifice his morality, no matter what the stakes. Rest assured the truce was only a last-ditch desperate alliance formed to defeat the greater evil of Micah Synn. Need we add that it was a *very* temporary truce at that?

Dear Marvel,

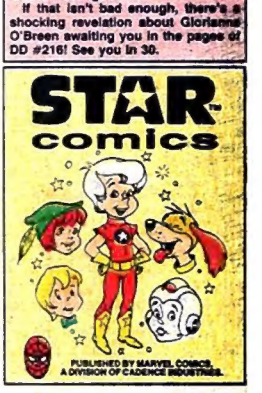
I am continually amazed that the stories in DAREDEVIL are able to surpass the past levels of excellence. The applause I offer is both well-deserved and probably not loud enough. Case in point is issue #211 "This Hungry God." This issue of DAREDEVIL maintained DD's level of greatness and created an epic saga that became more intriguing with each chapter.

The alliance between the Kingpin and Daredevil, which must be dangerously uneasy, is an excellent contrast that will further define two of Marvel's strongest characters. One is a hero, who like the lotus must grow and remain pure in stagnant water. The other is a man of honor steeped in corruption and his belief in it.

Micah Synn has emerged as a rare opportunity for Daredevil to beat the UNBEATABLE foe. While we know that Matt Murdock is up to the task, the odds are so stacked against him that we can only gnaw at our fingers in desperation. Thanks, Marvel, but don't keep me waiting the suspense is killing me.

William Adkins
Akron, OH 44304

William, we're glad that the suspense didn't kill you, or that you didn't gnaw your fingers so much that you couldn't write.

NEXT ISSUE: The Gael returns — but he's not quite the man you remember. If anything, he's more dangerous, more . . . *deadly* than ever. And he's out for revenge . . .

If that isn't bad enough, there's a shocking revelation about Glorianna O'Breen awaiting you in the pages of DD #216! See you in 30.